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# Nell Flaherty's Drake

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# NELL FLAHERTY, S DRAKE.

My name is Nell, I candid will tell,  
I live near Coothill I will never deny,  
I had a large drake the truth I will speak,  
Which my grandmother left me when going to die.  
He was wholesome and sound, he weighed twenty pound  
The universe round I will rove for his sake,  
Bad luck to the robber, be he drunk or sober,  
That murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

His neck it was green, most rare to be seen,  
He was fit for a queen of the highest degree,  
His body was bright, Och! it would you delight,  
He was both plump and handsome and brisk as a bee.  
Poor little fellow his legs they were yellow,  
He could fly like a swallow and swim like a hake,  
But some wicked savage, to grease his white cabbage,  
Has murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.

May his spade never dig, may his sow never pig,  
May each nit in his wig be as large as a snail,  
May his turkey never hatch, may his door have no latch,  
May his house have no thatch, may the rats eat his meal,  
May every old fairy from Cork to Dunleary  
Dip him snug and airy in some pond or lake  
Where the eel and the trout may dine on the snout,  
Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his sow never grunt, may his cat never hunt,  
May a ghost still him hunt in the dead of the night,  
May his hen never lay may his ass never bray,  
May his coat fly away like an old paper kite,  
May monkeys still bite him and mad dogs affright him,  
And every one slight him asleep or awake,  
May wasps still gnaw him, and jack-daws claw him.  
The monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his dogs yell and growl with both hunger and cold,  
May his wife always scold till his brains go astray,  
May the curse of each hag who'er carried a bag,  
Alight on his wig till his hair turns grey;  
May the bugs and the fleas the cruel wretch ever tease,  
And the piercing north breeze make him tremble and  
May a four-year-old bugmake its nest in the lug [shake,  
Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his pipe never smoke, may his tea-pot be broke,  
And to add to the joke may his kettle never boil,  
May he pee in the bed till the hour he is dead  
May he always be fed upon sow'ns or fish oil;  
May he sweat with the gout till his grinders fall out,  
May he roar, bawl & shout with the horrid tooth-ache  
May his temples wear horns and all his toes corns,  
The monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

Arrah! the only good news I have to infuse,  
Is that Peter M'Ute and Murphy M'Drake,  
And big nose Bob Hanson and brick-tooth Noranson,  
They each have a grandson of my beautiful drake,  
My bird he has dozens of nephews and cousins,  
And one I must get or my heart it will break,  
To keep my mind easy, or else I'll run crazy,  
So this ends the song of Nell Flaherty's drake.